The Second Part *of the Tragi-*COMEDY,

Called

NEW-Market-FAYRE.

OR Mrs.

PARLIAMENTS New Figaryes.

Written by the Man in the Moon.

Prologue.

Gentlemen, our *Poet* bids me say,
Ye're *Welcome* all unto his *Second Play*;
He prayes you *reade*; and if you find in it
Nothing but *Treason*, then expect no *witt*.
Some *hime* there is; he hopes, some *Sense*, and *Reason*,
At least to make you say, 'Tis *witty Treason*.
His *Scenes* (he vows) do only aime to please
The *Publique*; and cure each foul disease
Of *Manners* in the *Government*: discry
Where the *State-humors* and *Diseases* lie,
Prescribes a *remedy* to allay *Pride*,
Ambition, *Treason*, *Lust*, and *Deicide*.
Corbet will teach you in his *part* to paint
The *Devil* in the likness of a *Saint*,
Which cannot chuse but make proud *rebels* rage,
To see themselves thus acted on the Stage.
But if you please, now to advance his *Playes*,
His *Market's* ended; and hee's Crown'd with *Bayes*.

Printed at *you may go look*. 1649.

To his much Honored Friend, The Man in the Moon, *on his Play called* New-Market-Fayre.

MY *Fancy* is too dull, my *Muse* to weak
To praise thy *Genius*; when each line doth speak,
And claimes for thee a *Lawrel*; yet Ile strive
Within thy *Play* to keep my Name alive.
I cannot flatter Truth; this happy flame
More then thy *Moon*; gives thee Eternal Fame,
Aud builds o're Time a *Tryumph*; Cold desires
Grow warm, and kindle by thy *Loyal Fires*:
True hearts are now reviv'd, and learnt to sing
Vive le Roy; and *God preserve the King.*
Whilst *Regicides* whose vile memories rust
And Names descend much deeper then their dust:
Like *painted Moons*, that with dull Lamps profane
Thy *cleerest Light*, at *Full*; most in their Waine.
Whose *Guilt* must line their Coffins; whilst thy *shine*,
Shall be a *Light* unto the *Sacred Nine.*

F. W. *Esq*;

The Actors Names.

Constantius and Fidelius — *Two Loyallists.*

Fairfax and Cromwel — *Possessed with Devils.*

Ireton, Huson, Pride — *Three Traytors.*

Lady Fairfax *and Mistris* Cromwel, *with* Ruth Incontinence, *and* Abigal Concupicense, *their Maids of Honor.*

Gorge & Morley, *Their Paramours.*
Miles Corbet. *A Iesuite.*
Hugh Peters *and* Dorrislaws Ghost.
Shrieffs, Aldermen, *and* Executioners.

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NEW-Market-FAYRE.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Constantius, *and* Fidelius.

Const. 'TIs strange *Fidelius* that they should Recover!
'Twas said their wounds were Mortal:
The Heavens are surely angry,
And lock their Azure Portals 'gainst our prayers,
Menacing the worst of miseries;
They would not else infuse their powerful influences
To rescue *Traytors* from their punishments.
Oh *Fidelius*, when I but think what they have done by Butchering Sacred Majesty———
I am astonish'd!
What 'ist these fear to do?
They'd Martyr JOVE, could they come at him too:

But yet Ile not despair, but by my Constancy
And Faith vanquish all miseries :
Our griefs be folly ; our Tears cannot suffice,
Unless our hearts make *Charles* a sacrifice.

Fidelius. Content thy self *Constantius*; though Traytors flourish, and such dunghil weeds sprout up through fatness of the soyl.
'Tis but a time, and a time present too,
Then they'l be weeded out :
They can't demur, adjourn, or say to morrow ;
When their Accountant cals, they must obey,
Though now they do o're Truth and Justice sway.

The people say they were recovered by a miracle, wrought by one *Peters* an Excorcist, and now admire, adore, and think them Gods, more then they did before ; And say 'twas *Justice* made great *Charles* to bleed.

Const. Blind ignorant wretches, that can't perceive Gods from Devils ; Impostors from Potentates ; it's but in vain to inform them, till their own folly make them sensible ; But does *Cromwel* mean to steer his Course for *Ireland* ?

Fid. For Hell he does.

Con. I, that has been his Journey these seven yeers;
He will come to his journies end in time,
But to *Ireland* I doubt he will not.

Fid. He tels the People that he will go, but that's in the *Mystery*; he intends nothing less in the *History*: 'Fis to get arrears, what men and money he can, and then *Fairfax* will soon understand whether he intends.

Con. I hope his first dayes march will be to guard him to *Tower-hill*, according to his deserts, to make that his *Head-quarters* ; and after retreat to *Westminster* and be Crown'd, & then he may make Deputies, and not expose himself to hazards upon so desparate a Design, as *Ireland* is like to prove : Oh you know not the subtilty of that Jesuitical-head-piece ! A little time will make known his intents ; whilst then we will observe the causes of their vile Actions, and discourse the Effects to our selves; yet let us be as secret as we can; these Serpents will sting us else.

Wee'l be as wise as Serpents, *Serpents* to prevent,
To *Loyal-Doves*, wee'l prove as Innocent. *Exit*.

Enter

Enter Fairfax *and* Cromwel.

Crom. Wee're now at Amity, and made both one; I hope there will remain no Jealousies or Fears each of other?

Fair. I have not any the least Jealousie or Fear of thee my deer *Lieutenant*; but hugge thee as my second Self: Oh that I cou'd by this embrace beget a wit like thine; the State wants *Policy* as well as *Money*; and mine's but little, thine a full *Magazine* to arme a Kingdom, and muster all Dessigns, Plots and Stratagems of State with safety and ease to keep, what we have waded through *bloud* and *danger* to obtain.

Crom. My Lord, I am your Servant, and the States; and must, and will endeavour to keep for them what I have got: But still my Lord, the People are too rich and powerful, they must have more Taxes and more Assessements to keep them under; and when they are poor and needy, they'l be the more our vassals, and subject to our power: Have not the peremtory slaves disarm'd Capt. *Thelwels* troop at *Drayton* in Shropshire, taken both their Horse and Arms, & strip'd them to their skins? Have they not at *Chester* done the like? and since in Worcestershire? Come, come, they will Rebel unless we make them poor; let's Tax them throughly; worse language then they do, they cannot give us; therefore lets about it; you to the Parliament and I to the Councel of State presently.

Money's the life of War, and must be had,
Although we make the *silly Hyndes* run mad.

Exit.

Enter my Lady Fairfax, *and* Ruth Incontinence *her Maid.*

Lady Fair. Is my husband gone to the Parliament-House *Ruth*?

Ruth. Yes verily Mistris; he is gone amongst the *Members*, the *holy-members*, the *fructifying-members*, the *increasing* and *multiplying-members*. Indeed Madam, something was the matter my Master call'd for Beer so early this morning; Ha, ha, ha, I hope it will appear ere long: I promise you I thought something *notwithstanding* when he fetch'd such a draught, I pitt'y your *Case* Madam, but cold not cry; pardon me, I am your waiting-Maid, and can a little understand what belongs to the *case* of a Gentlewoman.

Lady Fairfax

Lady. Fair. If thou hadst as much cause as I, thou might'st cry & dye too : Ile tell thee *Ruth*, he lies by me all night like a logge, though I warm him, and warm him again, yet *notwithstanding* I can get no life nor motion in him ; And when my *desires* are *fervent* and ready for the *on-set*, he like a Coward faces-about, falls off, and basely *retreates*, and will observe no *postures* at all : Nay, if he would but *Present*, it is so hot upon the matter, that it would go neer to *give fire*, and *discharge* it self, and do *execution* too : Let me woe him, and woe him, he will *doe* nothing, starts in his sleep, cryes out Bloud, bloud, and saies he is damn'd in his bed ; and Verily, verily, I must say unto thee *Ruth*, that I think he is bewitch'd, for since he had the last wound with the fall on his Sword, he has been so *cold*, and as *useless* to me, as a *King* is to *England*.

Ruth. Intruth la Mistris get another, the world is not so dull, if one won't another will ; 'Tis no matter for Fame, 'tis but a Bladder of winde, one prick of a *Pinne* lets it out ; if you have a minde to taste the sweets of *Love*, satisfie your *desires* to the *full* ; I shall be as *useful* to put it *forward* as another.

She that confines her beames to one mans sight,
Is a dark Lanthorn to a glorious light.

Madam Ile fetch the Partie you wot of. *Exit.*

Lady Fair. Prithee do. I hate all bloudy-men, give me the man that *armes* with an *imbrace* ; can *make*, not *kill* a man : O how powerful is *Love*, that it can make an unjust Act seem honest, nay lawful too ——

Enter Mr Gorge.

Gorge. What makes my Love thus solitary and alone ? Come my *Life*, my *Happiness*, lets taste some *sweets* shall make the gods to envie us ; There is no pleasure, but in thy embrace.

Lady Fair. You men love to flatter us, and we like silly fools are pleas'd with all that *comes* from them we love.

Gorge. I'le please thee if I *can* my Deer, the *Paphian Goddess* never was worthy of such love as thee ; Lets in and taste,

And by our close *in-twines*,
Wee'l reach the *wood-bine*, to embrace the *Vines*.

Lady Fair. We must be secret though, because o'th 'wicked, they are apt to scandalus, and bring us on their *Stages* ; yet I have

have done the best to have my husband put them down, yet all won't do.

Gorge. Come my dear, I'le put thee down, and act a part, shall ravish thee, and cheer thy grieved heart.

Such acts best please, whose scenes relish of love,
Sound Musick then, and ravish from above. *Sound.*

ACT II. SCENE III.

Enter Mistris Cromwel *and her Paramour* Morley, *with* Abigail Concupiscence *her Maid.*

Mrs Crom. So, now we are in our Kingdom: What is it to enjoy the World, and miss the *thing* we love? Here is a Jewel for thee, 'twas the late Queens, wear it for my sake, and come to me to morrow, thou shalt have Gold what thou wilt have; thou shalt not want if the State has it: Spend freely, and when 'tis gone, thou shalt have more. My *Noll* shall fight with the *Irish*, thou shalt fight with me, clad in more softer Arms. *Abigail* how sits this Gown?

Abigial. It bears an exceeding Grace behind; Madam, you have rumpled the Pleats with your Day-Couch, will you have another?

Mrs Crom. Fetch me the Gown that cost 2000 pounds, if it likes me, I'le put it on; My dearest *Morley* shall see how it becomes me; and embrace me in't.

Morley. So sweet a body deserves the rarieties of Europe, and all to little to deck you Madam; I am doubly blest to enjoy so noble a Mistris as your self.

Mrs. Crom. Lets in my dear, and sport a while,
And with sweet love, the tedious time beguile.

Exit.

Enter Miles Corbet *with Scotch Letters to my* Lord Fairfax *and* Cromwel.

Corbet. Yet I have manag'd State-Affaires with ease and skill, and thrive and am grown Rich by my industrous practice: Here's

Here's Letters from *Scotland* I fear will not be pleasing; but I must deliver them; Yet I hope by this new troubling the waters I shall get most Fish; Ile in, and seek my Lord General presently.

Miles Corbet *Enters the Chamber of* Fairfax, *where he discovers his Lady and* Gorge *in the very Act; they start up affrighted, (thinking him the Devil) come forth all unready, running over the Stage, crying The Devil, the Devil.*

Enter Corbet.

Corbet. Am I awake, or in a Dream? or do I walk in my Sleep? This is no vision sure: methoughts I saw two (whom I am loth to name) glide like a pair of Goats in a sportful dalliance; I must wink at this, there's danger to disclose it, least that her husband should not credit me, and she should lay that to my Charge, was acted by the other; It may be her Lord Consents: I know not what to think! If these be *Queens-street* doings, Ile to *Kings-street* to the Lievtenant General to see what hee'l say to these Letters. Ile be silent, there's nothing to be got by this discovery; besides 'tis my own case at home daily.

He that will winde his *horne* in his own *rounds*
May chance to be devoured by his own *hounds*.

Exit.

Enter Hugh Peters *Solus, like a Necromancer.*

If this trade fails, then farewel all; *Albertus* was a meer Jugler to me; and Frier *Bacon* but an empty scull, or brazen Image, his Walls of Brass, were Mud to mine: Preaching is too tedious for me; Ile leave that to *Owen*, and to *Goodwin*: Have I not done a Miracle to re-possesse these Bodies with Spirits, that were before meer Skellitons, and stinking Carkasses? (by their dispairing rage) they are now as active as ever they were; and possess'd with worser Spirits, if worser can be, to manage the grand Design; But before I proceed further in my Art, I must raise the Ghost of *Dorrislaw*, and ask his Counsel. *Make a Circle and Conjueres.*

Dorrislaws *Ghost appears from underneath the Stage in Fetters and flames of Sulphire.*

Peters. My hair stands upright! a flash of Lightning has gone through my body, and cut my thred of Life a too; I have no power to speak!

Dorris.

Torrifton. What's he that calls me from my place of horror, where all my muſick is diſmal ſhrieks of damned Souls, yelling in beds of burning Brimſton; Couches of poyſonous Toads and ſtinging Serpents? O M. *Peters* is it you? you ſhall along with me.

Peters. I pray thee gentle Ghoſt forbear, and tell me if the late King be in theſe lower Regions?

Ghoſt. No, thou Viper, he reigns in Heaven; in Hell there are new torments providing anſwerable for that damn'd Crime without all preſidents but *Bradſhaw*, *Cook*, and *Steel*, and ſuch as thoſe have forg'd;

Knaves hired by *Cromwel* to corrupt the Laws:
Now all made food for *Hells* devouring jawes.
Next *Judas*, *Faux*, and *Ravilock*, their lodgings are prepared; there lies *Eſſex*, *Pym*, *Stroud*, *Hamden*, *Rainsbrough*, and ten thouſand more; there *Fairfax*, *Cromwel*, *Ireton*, *Pride*, will all like me, Rue their damn'd *Regicide*:

Their vengeance haſtneth, and come on a main,
Though the firſt be gone, the *Second Charles* ſhall Reign.

Peters. Let me go tell them this.

Ghoſt. No, thou muſt not; *Pluto* won't give way,
His Fiends attend; and will not longer ſtay.

Exit the Ghoſt carrying away Peters.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Enter Mr Corbet *with his Letter, going to* Cromwels *houſe.*

Corbet. I'le enter here, and ſee if I can meet with ſuch a ſight I did before. (*peeks behind the hangings, and ſees* Morley *and Mrs* Cromwel *a bed together.*

Hell and damnation! what, are we all turn'd Sodomites——— O my head how it akes; Ile home preſently; and if *Roe* be there, what ſhall I do? fight with him I dare not; 'twill but be the worſe; for then my wife will take his part: ſince others being my betters wear the horn; Ile think it *honor*, never dream of *ſcorn*: but my neighbors will call me *Wittall*, that's the worſt; No matter; I am ne're the worſe,
The Fox thrives beſt, when that the Geeſe do curſe.

Since 'tis our fate; and now grows all the fashion,
Ile rather honor, then disgrase the Nation.
Ile love the *man*, that makes my Wife his mate,
And hugge his Purse, till he doth *horn* my pate.

Exit.

Enter Ireton, Huson, and Pride.

Hus. But does the news hold true concerning *Ireland*?

Ire. Too true, I fear; We must divert our Course some other way; *Ormond* is 20000 strong; 'tis thought he is now a Fortifying all the *Ports*, and then intends for *England*.

Pride. I would we had him here.
'Tis not a hundred thousand that we fear. Our Horse are lusty, and our Men be strong.

Huson. I, but our Money's weak; how shall we do for that? the People won't disburse?

Ireton. Can we not *force* it then? Necessity must not observe a Law; make them but poor, and then we shall not want Souldiers nor Monies: Are we not the Keepers of their *Liberties*? why not their Money too?

We will disburse, give them as they deserve,
If they'l not fight; then let them *hang* and *starve*.

Pride. When we have all; wee'l order them at will: If we suffer them peaceably to enjoy their Estates; we must not look to enjoy ours; No, I hold it best to kirbe them in, be sure to keep them down,
Prosperity will alwayes aim to get a Crown.

Huson. Besides, when we have all; we know what to trust too; and not before: then we can disburse at our pleasures; and rather then want; if there be urgent necessity, make use of our own *Estates* at last, but not before; 'tis our best policy to preserve all we can against a rainy day: Lands are but dull Commodities, they will not off; besides we can't transport them: Money it is must do the deed,
That's our best friend, should we but be in need.

Ireton. Wee'l have it then: Come lets draw our Forces into the Countries first; and then wee'l come upon the City with a fresh supply;
Fairfax shall down; for he is grown to hie. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Fairfax and Cromwel.

Fair. Will they murmur still? Indite me for Murder! Who dares do it? have I not Forces to protect my self? this is *Lilburn* and his Faction; they'l never be quiet till they have my life; but perchance Ile have some more of theirs first.

Crom. Hang up two or three more, 'twill make the rest to fear.

Fair. 'Twas by your Counsel I hang'd up those I did: Did you not at *Ware* perswade me to have *Arnold* shott, and *Lockier* since; that wone me hate of all my Souldiers, and the People too. (*aside.*

Crom. And that I hope will quickly end thy fate.
My Lord, Justice must be done; you know I, in all such cases, cannot help yee; I am call'd hence and must away; the safety of the State requires it: Farewel my Lord; *aside.*
If that my Plot hit right:
My Policy shall Conquer all your Might.

Exit Crom.

Fair. My Lievtenant is too wise for me; well, if he does set the *People* on me for *their Agreement* I am lost; I fear it is his Policy to with-draw himself, that they may have the bettet opportunity to surprize me, and free himself, so they cut me off; that he may enjoy all: Semething is in't; I am so troubled in my sleep;
My wife afflicts me too, which makes me weep.

Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Enter 6 or 7 Aldermen and the Sheriffs, as if they came into New-Park *a hunting with hounds.*

Pennington. What Game is there in this Park?

Keeper. O Sir; here be Staggs of State, Harts, Bucks, Does, Sorrells, Sores Teggs, Prickets, Fawns; and abomination of Fish and Fowle.

Pen. Will you give me the Names of them all, because we may know what to thank the Parliament for; they have bestowed much of us, for this one Dinner; enough to make us many: Staggs and Harts I have heard of in the City; and Bucks too; but Teggs, Brocks, Sores, and Prickets, I know not what they mean: pray are they Fish, or Fowl?

Keeper. Neither Sir: they are Beasts, that come to it by degrees, as your Children newly born, first they come to be Fawns, and then in their youth, they come to be Prickets; in their prentiship, to be Brockets; in their freedom, to Bucks of the first head; when Common Councel-men, of the second head; when Aldermen, of the Game Royal; and then you may know them by their Brow-Antlers: And for the Hinds and Does they be the Femals, as it might be your wives, or your Sons wives.

Atkins. It seems there is a Common-wealth in a Park; but do they engender too?

Keeper. Yes Sir, in Rutting-time; how could they encrease else? only they defile their members.

Mayor. But do they do the Act like us?

Keeper. Very like you Sir; but encrease more.

Atkins. Are there Conies too?

Keeper. Yes Sir, more then you have in your City.

Woolaston. But does not some vermine anoy them?

Keeper. Yes Sir, but we have another vermine called Ferits and Tarryers, that like your Worships Clark *Everet*, can enter their grounds & so ferrit their beries, that many times their skins pay for their offences; & then our traps are just like your prisons.

Bide. Their skins may serve to furre us Gowns.

Keep. Sir, no *Skarlet* nor *Plush* is finer weare.

Atk. Hereafter, you must preserve them for us then.

Keeper. Sir, they are my Fees; besides your Worships should not be clad in Foxes, or in Pole-catts skins, least you be termed vermine; the Lyons, or the Panthers, or the Ermyns skine is more rich and fitting for your weare.

Fook. I know no great degrees of skins; methinks the Asses hide's as serviceable as the Lyons skin, & more fit for ornament.

Keeper. There be Asses too Sir in the Park.

Mayor. Then for Fowl and Fish, what store is there?

Keeper.

Keeper. O Sir, they be infinite; here be Owles, Wood-cocks, Buzards, Cuckoes, Rooks, Wiggins, and all your Worships---- can desire: Besides Parliament Puttocks, Harpyes, Night-Ravens, Sereech-Owles, and whatever your Worships can name. And for Fish, here be Pikes, that like those you know where, eate up their own kind; and Carps that lie wallowing in the Mudde (like your Worships in your feather-beds;) besides the Carpes may serve for your servants, and the people; and great *Tench*, that you may catch without hooks or pullies; besides Roach, Dace, Eles, Breams, Pearch, and abundance more.

Pen. Are there no Whales, Sammons or Lobsters there?

Keeper. No Sir, they are in the Seas, where your Worships Ships sail.

Pen. I had thought they had come from hence.

Mayor. Well Brethren, it behoves us to give thanks to the Councel of State, and the Parliament for all these benefits, and advance them the Sum; 'tis but 150000.*l.* a meer toy; if the Sea be but secur'd by their Navy, we shall fetch it up again in a yeer, and less.

Omnes. Content, content, let them have it, let them have it; and our Letter of Thanks too boot.

Since we have Park, and Sport and Deer such store;
If they do ask, they shall have ten times more.

Keeper. Yes, yes, no doubt but they'l be as free to you, of *that that is not their own.* *aside.*
The Kings Mannors, Parks, Chases and Forrests, are liberally bestowed; the old proverb must be verified, *Lightly come, lightly go*, but they that steal a Deer off the Kings Ground, the Horns may hereafter chance to choak them; but they that steal Deer, Trees, Lands and all; the very stones will fly in their faces I hope: What a blessed litter of City-puppies have I to my Masters? O for a pack of good bloud-hounds to set on these Actæons: Ods——fut, these be meer Gulls, Buffle-pates; there's not a man of them has so much wit, as will reach from his nose to his beard: foh---- how they stink; I think some of them have be-shitt themselves. Will your Worships please to see some sport? the Game is ready, the Buck is Rous'd,

The

Tho. Ringwood. Ha——looe,——ha——looe; ——tat, ——tat, ——tat, ——tat.

Byde. This is heavenly Musick. (*Exit Keeper, Mayor, Atk.*

Pen. Woo'd these Currs were choak'd, I cannot hear it for them. (*looks up.*

Byde. Why, 'tis the Doggs that makes it.

Pen. I had thought it had been come from the Skyes. The *Buck* is down already.

Byde. 'Tis time we seek our Company, and give over the *Chase.*

Pen. This is no Chase Sir, 'tis a Park.

One sounds a horne.

We are summond in; let's haste away,
This idle sport has quite consum'd the day.
Let's tell our selves, and see if we have all our Company. *they tell themselves, and miss two.*

Byde. Here's two missing!

Pennington. I'le lay a Pot of *Ale* of that; have you told your self Sir?

Byde. I'le tell again. (*tells.*
There wants four now——— O, Alderman *Soams*, and Alderman *Chambers* did not come; there was but 13 came, and now there is but 11; then as I take it, two are wanting.

Pen. But how shall we know which two?

Byde. 'Tis my Lord Mayor, and Alderman *Atkins* are missing.

Enter the Keeper running.

O Gentlemen, Gentlemen, your Mayor has hang'd himself in a Tree, and if you go not quickly hee's a dead man; and another is fallen into a pit, and hath so bewray'd himself, 'tis wonderful! I think he has broke his necke, for he stirres not.

Pen. Brethren away, I fear there is some Treason.

exit Aldermen.

Keeper. Treason to Traytors! Is not that Non-sence? I have done my best to Lodge the Deer on that side the Park where the most trees and the pitts were, but surely that is not reason;

treason; and yet I know not neither, for now every thing is made treason, though it be but Reason: I'le away to be sure; 'tis good to prevent a mischief.

Farewel old Custard-eaters; I hold it reason.
Not to serve you, for fear I commit treason.

Exit.

ACT V. scene X.

Enter Fairfax Solus.

Fairfax. THe Devil stop your mouths; will nothing serve you but *The Agreement of the People, The Agreement of the People*! Are not the Parliament the Peoples *Representatives*? why, do not they *Agree*? I am willing to Agree to any thing; yet must their spleen light upon me? O *Cromwel, Cromwel*, for this I may thank thee; I am so heavy, sad and drowsie, I must take Rest.

Lies down and sleeps.

Enter three or four Furies, *and* Anticks *dancing about him with their hands all bloudy, and Exit.*

He starts and sleeps again.

Soft Musick from above, and this Song.

I.

WHo on the top of Fortunes Wheele,
Stands more glorious then the rest?

Others

Others sorrows little feele,
Thinking all like them are blest.

II.

Guide the Chariot of the Sun,
And thence blind with too much light,
Such un-even Courses run, (*turns himself a-*)
That they turn the day to night.

III.

These are they that cannot see,
Dazl'd with the height of place,
How they may secured be
Of the peoples fickle grace.

IV.

But pretend their hearts so deep,
They are hopelesse there to wade;
Where did they but measure keep,
Fortunes Children should not fade.

V.

Greatnesse here may learn to stand
Propt with Vertue, so it shall
Fearlesse from rude peoples hand
Sleep on Doune, or softer fall.

VI.

Fumes of *Sway* must passe away,
Rebels fall, that stand by Art;
Charles His Vertue still shall sway,
And all *England* take His part.

VII.

VII.

What though Rebels fret and frown,
That durst aspire unto a Throne;
Vertue is a Sacred Crown,
Subject unto none but *One*.

He wakes, and starts up amazed.

A Gaurd, a gaurd; Treason, treason; I am betray'd;—— O my distempered *Fancy*; how strange a guilt knaws me within; well, since 'tis so——'tis but a folly to dispair; and to repent, would argue I were guilty; I have had strange dreames—— all is not well: Well come what will, Ile bide the shock of all; And if I stand, I stand; if not, I fall.

Enter Sheriffs and others with the Agreement of the People in their hands.

People. Where be the Murderers? seize on them; knock them down; knock them down; Traytors, Tyrants, bloud-suckers; away with them.

They seize on Fairfax, Pinion him, and lead him away.

Fairfax. Who builds his Hopes upon a *Common Rout*,
Thus must he fall, though for their Rights he fought.

Exit.

Enter Fidelius *and* Constantius.

Const. Now my dear *Fidelius*; how likest thou the times now? do they not change apace? does not Divine Justice cleerly demonstrate to the World their guilt, and dogge them at the heeles? do not the *Phatons* tumble now? Bloud must be revenged; Murder and Patricide, although conceal'd long, at last betrayes it self; nay often times proves his own executioner; but this licensed and open wickedneſſe, invites all hands to take Revenge.

Fidelius. The People threaten revenge on all; and do dispute their deaths before their ends: some report *Bradshaw* hath hang'd himself; another drown'd; a third is stabb'd; when

as they speak but as they'd have it; or as it must be: Thus they oft times say, Hee's a dead man, that's but condemn'd; and so are they by heavens Impartial Law; they're but repriev'd a while, the day will come,
They suffer must, a most assured doom;
That Subject make his Soveraigns heart to bleed,
Will finde a Subject shall revenge the deed.

Const. 'Tis true *Fidelius*; but they never think of that; Rebellion so bewitches them; they know not what they do; but with stupidity and ignorance; resolve to finish what they have begun, though to scale heaven, or to put out the Sun.

Fidelius. When did you see Rebellion prosper? But for black damn'd *Regicide*, (by *Cook* & *Radamthus Steel* accounted lawful) it is a sin made *Iudas* beholding to a tree to ease his Conscience, but these far worse then Runnagates or Jewes, must expect Judgements worse,
The more their sins 'gainst light, the worse their Curse.

Const. They say that *Fairfax* doth die to day; shall we go see him.

Fidelius. No, I love not to see the death of any man; nor have I envie at their persons, but their Crimes; I'de rather see them live honest men, then to die Traytors. This is *Cromwels* Policy, now he hath filled this Spunge to squeze him; till another does so much for him, which will not be long; if *Overton* speaks true; that Bull's design'd for the slaughter next; if he were but well baited first in *Ireland*.

Const. *Dublin* is for certain taken, *London-Derry* can't hold out; which makes me think he can do little good there if that he were Landed, which is a thing almost impossible.

Fidelius. Let's leave the successe to him that prosecutes; and into Rest
The Sun declines, and takes leave of the West.

Exit.

Enter Fairfax *with a* Jesuit, *Sheriffs, Executioner, and People with Bills and Halberts.*

Sheriffs. Come bring him away; I never thought he would come to better end, since he falsified his word at *New-Market*;

and

and likewise his Oath and Covenant with his King, and his dear Brethren the *Scots*.

Sir, you had best repent; your time's but short.

Iesuit. Your Pardon from His Holiness is firm; (*whispers, is heard.*
You need not here repent.

People. This is a Jesuite, a Jesuite; Hang him, hang him.

Iesuite. Nay pray good people spare my Life, and give me leave to speak; I shall tell you that will make you wonder.

People. Speak then; but be brief, protraction may cause another Change.

Iesuite. And so it will; Let the Sheriff look in the Nape of my Lord *Fairfax* neck.

The Sheriff lookes in the Nape of his neck, and finds a Charm, which he pulls away; and his Carkasse falls and leaves a noysome stench.

Sheriffs. What's the meaning of this, good Sir?

Iesuite. It is a Charm, the words are dubious, and cannot be made sense of; and this he brought from *Holland*; *Cromwel* has the same; 'twas to preserve their Carkasses while such a time expir'd; else they had been dead long time before; and often killed by others.

Sheriff. How come it then that *Peters* cured them?

Iesuite. *Peters* weary of Preaching Schisme; and finding others prefer'd before him, turns Necromancer, and deals in the black Art: Now their Charms was to preserve them from others hurts, but not their own; they falling by their own swords, were by *Peters*, re-possessed with Devils, which gave motion to their bodies.

Enter Pride, Ireton, Huson.

Ireton. Is the Execution past?

People. More Witches, more witches; fall upon them, stone them.

The people knocks them down with stones.

Enter Gorge and my Lady Fairfax at one door; and Morly and Mrs Cromwel at the other, and meet.

Lady Fairfax. My Husband murdered! Draw Mr *Gorge*.

(*Gorge and Morly fight, and both are mortally wounded.*

Gorge. I met with you there Sir; (*Morly falls.*

Mrs Crom. Nay then thou villain have at thee. (*pistols him.*

And for thee Mrs Froo, (*'tis no time to scold*) Ile try it out.

(*She draws her knife and runs at my Lady Fairfax, but missing her; my Lady Fairfax snatche up Gorges Sword, and runs Mrs Cromwel thorow; the people apprehend her for murder, and carry her to prison.*

Sheriff. Here is a sudden Tragedy indeed;
I doubt there's more ere long will bleed.

People. Hang them, stone them; Witches, Murderers, Theeves, Impostures: Let's Petition our King home; we shall never be happy else.

Omnes. Content, Content; *Epilogue.*
Come Royal CHARLES, and with a cloud of thunder
Disperse this bed of Snakes, and keep them under.

FINIS.